

DAREDEVIL MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

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# DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



WIDOW!  
HELP ME--  
I'M  
FALLING!!

I--I  
CAN'T!  
I WANT  
TO-- BUT I  
CAN'T!!

## FEAR IS A MAN!



# DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

STAN LEE  
PRESENTS:

A GERRY CONWAY  
SCRIPTER

GENE COLAN  
ARTIST

PRODUCTION

JOM PALMER, Inker  
SAM ROSEN, Letterer

IT'S A COOL EVENING IN SAN FRANCISCO-- THE BALMY  
BAY BREEZES CARRY A HINT OF RAIN--- A PROMISE OF  
A STORMY TOMORROW--

--THEY  
ALSO CARRY  
TWO SWINGING  
FIGURES: THE  
SLEEK SCARLET  
FORM OF A  
CERTAIN RADAR-  
SENSED SWASH-  
BUCKLER---

--- AND THE EQUALLY  
SLEEK VISION OF BEAUTY  
MEN CALL---  
**THE BLACK  
WIDOW!**

DIVE,  
TASHA---  
YOU'RE NOT  
QUITE  
REACHING  
ME--!

MATT--  
I'M-- I'M  
NOT  
MAKING  
IT--- I-- I  
CAN'T--

SOMETHING'S  
HAPPENING  
TO ME---

**I'M FALLING!**



**HIS** ARM JERKS OUT-- FINGERS **BRUSH**-- AND THEN, THE WIDOW TUMBLES **AWAY**, HER EBON-SUITED BODY TWISTING--- HER HANDS FLAILING, LEGS **SPINNING**---

# TASHA!

**SHE FROZE  
UP... COULDN'T  
MAKE THE EXTRA  
EFFORT NEEDED  
TO COMPLETE  
THE SWING!**

SOMETHING  
ABOUT HER HEART-  
BEAT---RUSHING,  
**PANICKY!** SHE'S  
**TERRIFIED!**

I'VE GOT TO  
**CHANCE** IT--- PUSH  
AWAY FROM THE FLAG  
POLE, TRY TO GRAB  
HER BEFORE IT'S---  
**TOO LATE!**

EEEEEE

# THE SINISTER SECRET OF *PROJECT FOUR!*

**YET EVEN AS THE WIDOW'S  
UNCHARACTERISTIC SCREAM  
BEGINS TO BUILD TO BREAKING  
--FIVE CLAW-LIKE FINGERS  
LUNGE OUT---**





---AND CLOSE!

HOLD TIGHT, WIDOW-LADY---



---'CAUSE NOW THAT I'VE GOT YOU---

-- I'M GONNA TRY TO KEEP YOU!

MATT, I'M FRIGHTENED -- I-- I CAN'T EXPLAIN--

-- BUT I'M TERRIBLY-- HORRIBLY AFRAID!



YEAH, WELL-- I'D KINDA GATHERED THAT.



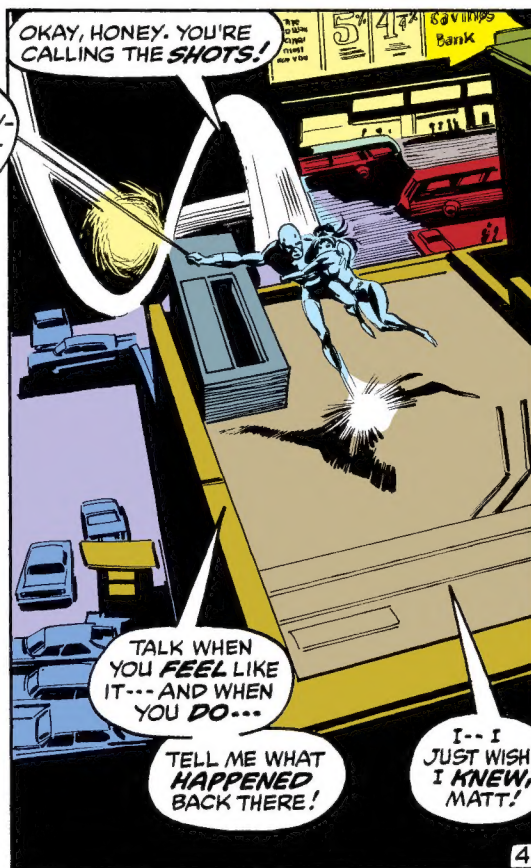
EASY, GIRL--- *EASY!* JUST WRAP YOUR ARMS AROUND MY *WAIST*.

THIS IS WHAT YA CALL-- YOUR "FRIENDLY-MAN-WITHOUT-FEAR-SKYWAY-TAXI-SERVICE!"

OR *SOME-THING!*

PLEASE, MATT--- I KNOW YOU'RE TRYING TO *CHEER* ME, TO TAKE MY MIND OFF WHAT JUST *HAPPENED*---

--- BUT PLEASE, *DON'T*... I-- I CAN'T *TAKE* IT, RIGHT NOW!



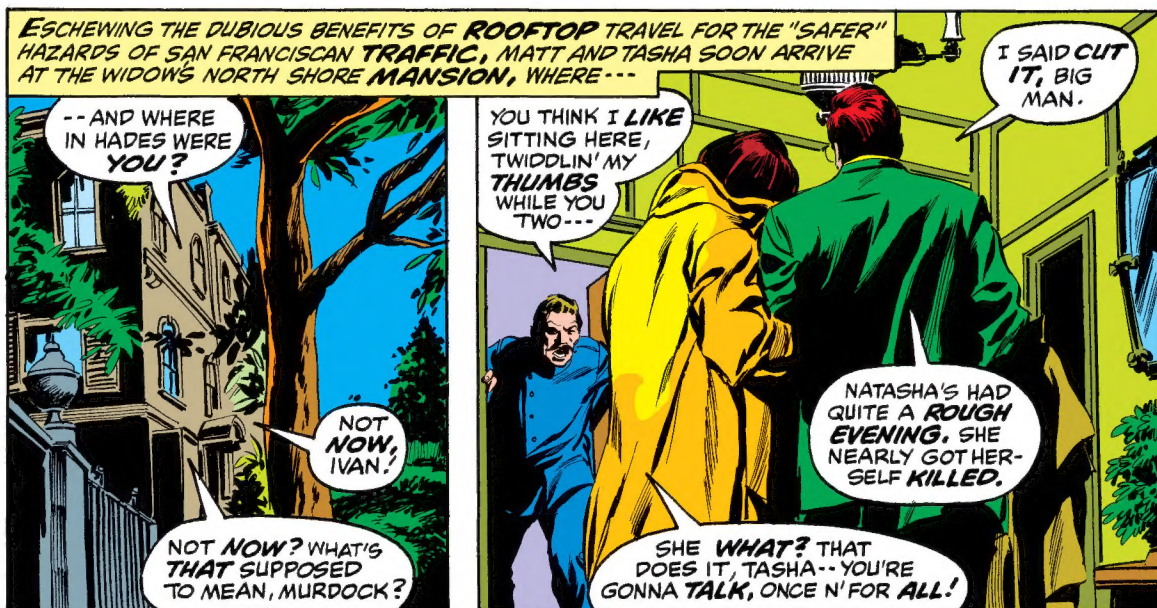
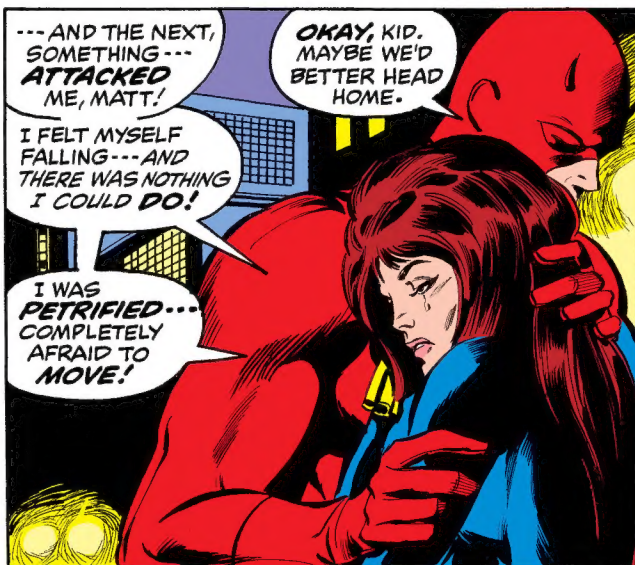
OKAY, HONEY. YOU'RE CALLING THE *SHOTS!*

TALK WHEN YOU *FEEL* LIKE IT--- AND WHEN YOU *DO*---

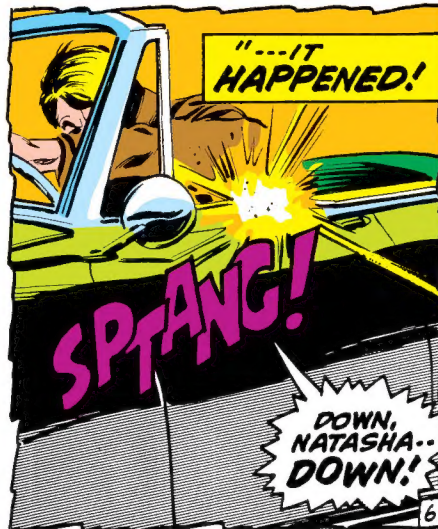
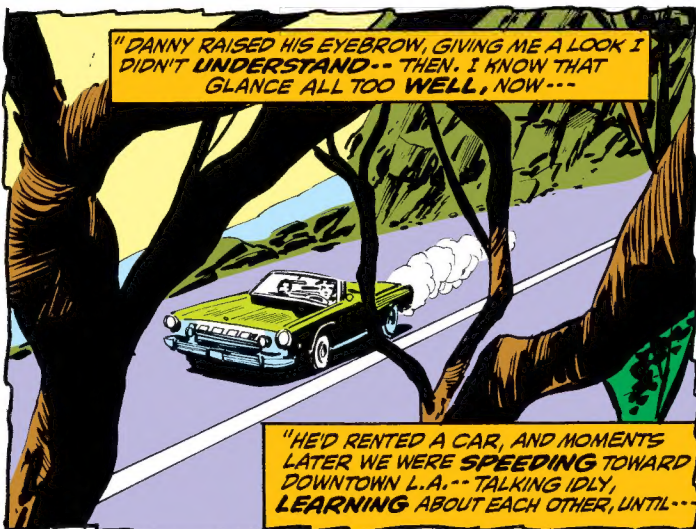
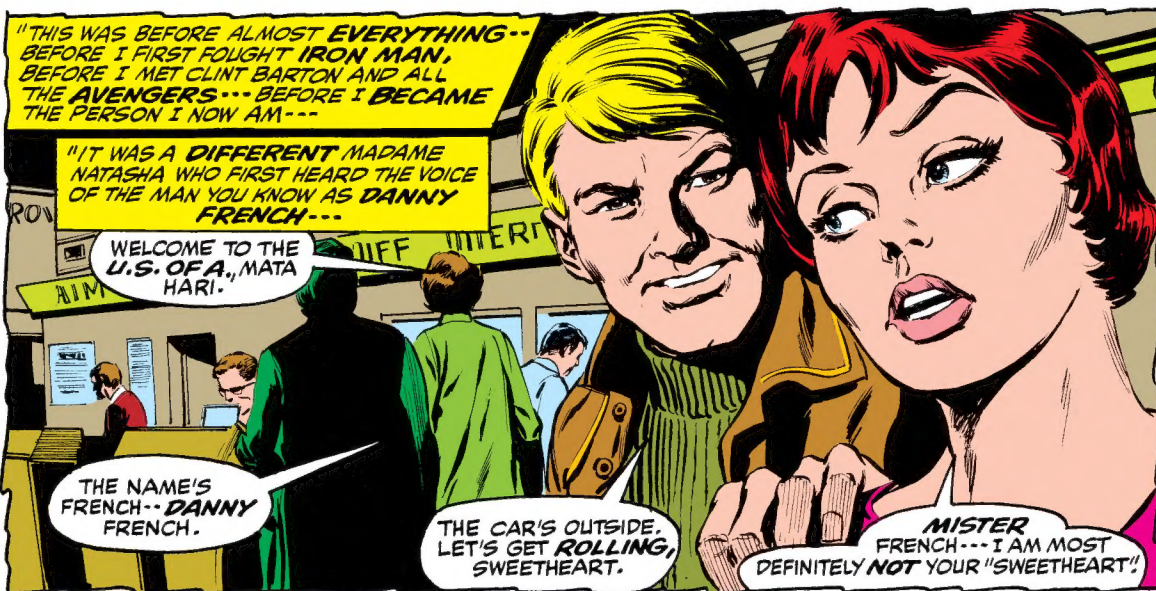
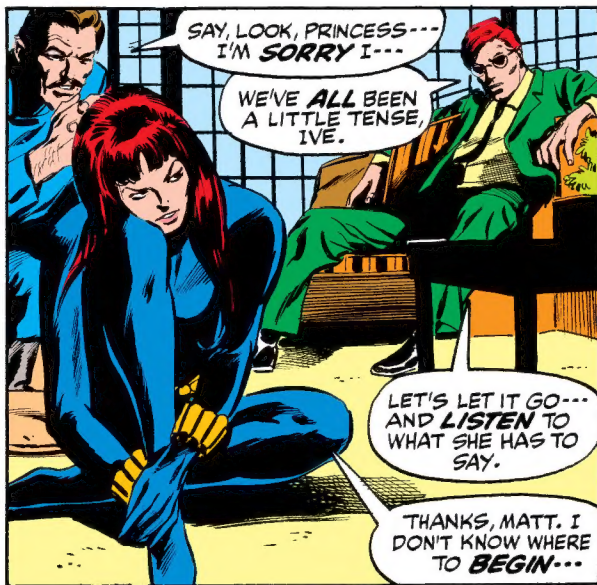
TELL ME WHAT *HAPPENED* BACK THERE!

I-- I JUST WISH I *KNEW*, MATT!











"DANNY SNARLED AND SPUN THE WHEEL --- WE CAREENED DOWN THE HILLSIDE, SWERVING FROM RIGHT TO LEFT AS DANNY GLANCED BACK IN SEARCH OF OUR ATTACKERS---

"MY PALMS WERE MOIST-- I FELT MYSELF SHAKING, AND WITH AN EFFORT I STILLERD THAT FEAR---



"THEN--

THERE!  
TAKE A LOOK  
IN THE REAR-  
VIEW, HONEY--

THOSE ARE  
THE MEN WHO'RE  
TRYING TO KILL  
US! RED  
CHINESE!

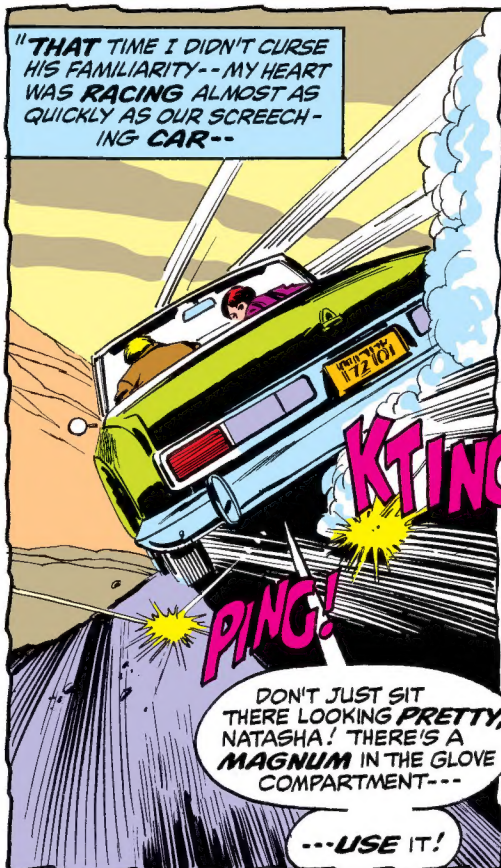
THEY'RE  
GAINING ON  
US, DANNY---  
GETTING  
CLOSER!

WHAT'RE  
WE GOING  
TO DO?

DO?

HANG ONTO THE  
DASHBOARD,  
SWEETHEART-- 'CAUSE  
AS THE SAYIN' GOES--  
YOU AIN'T SEEN  
NUTHIN' YET!

"THAT TIME I DIDN'T CURSE  
HIS FAMILIARITY-- MY HEART  
WAS RACING ALMOST AS  
QUICKLY AS OUR SCREECH-  
ING CAR--



KTING!

PING!

DON'T JUST SIT  
THERE LOOKING PRETTY,  
NATASHA! THERE'S A  
MAGNUM IN THE GLOVE  
COMPARTMENT---

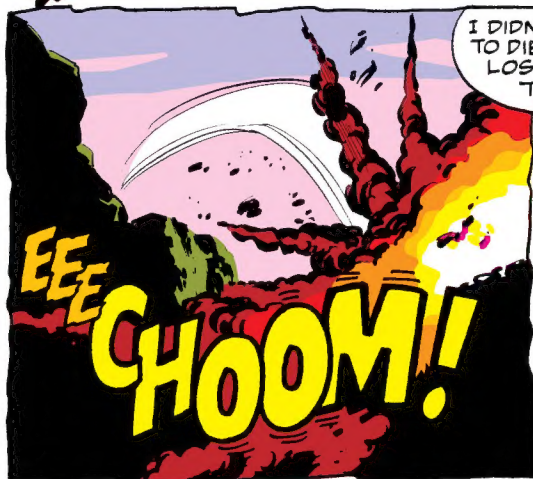
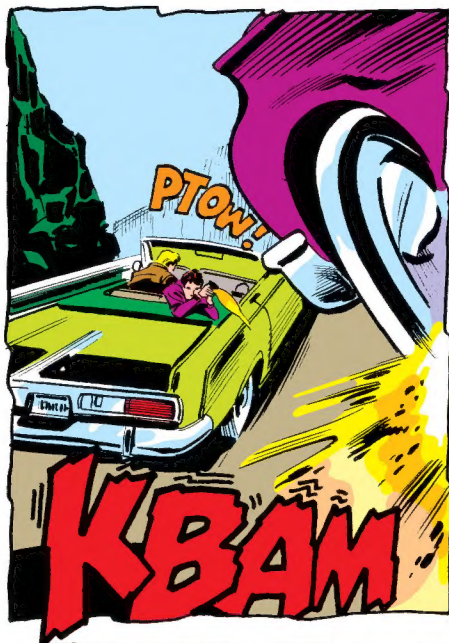
---USE IT!

"AND IT WAS THEN, I  
THINK, THAT I TRULY  
BEGAN MY CAREER  
AS A SPY---

"---AND  
GAINED THE  
NAME---  
**BLACK  
WIDOW!**"







I DIDN'T WANT THEM TO DIE--- BUT THEY LOST CONTROL OF THEIR CAR--

--- JUST AS I SEEM TO HAVE LOST CONTROL --- OF MY LIFE!

TASHA! IS THAT IT? EVERYTHING?

NO, MATT--- THERE'S MORE. BUT---



--- I CAN'T TELL YOU NOW!

TRUST ME, MATT. OKAY?

CATCH HOLD OF YOURSELF, NATASHA.

IVAN--- COULD YOU SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR?

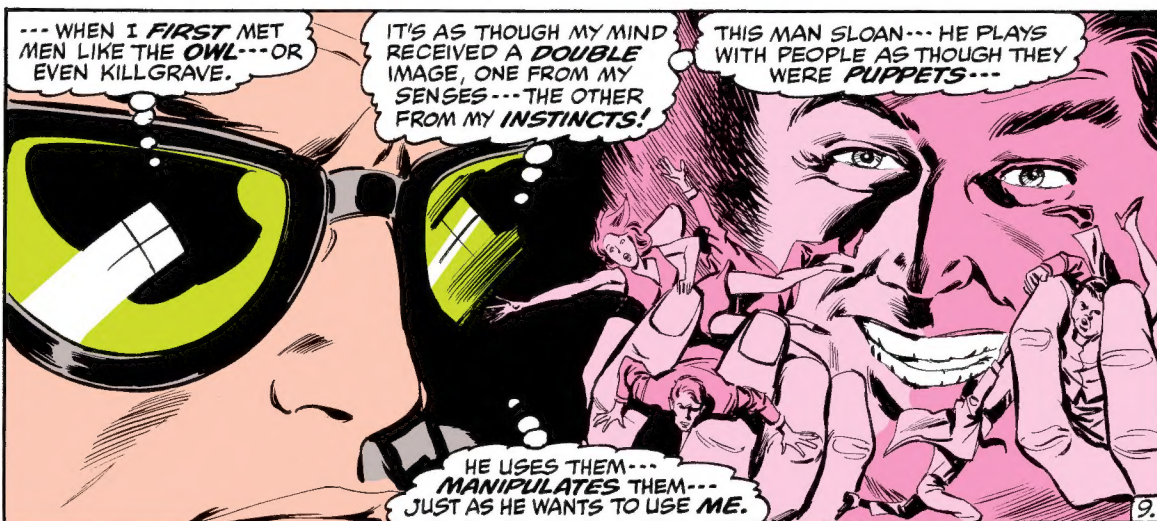
TASHA, WHAT'S WRONG? YOU'RE NOT ACTING LIKE YOURSELF--- NOT AT ALL.



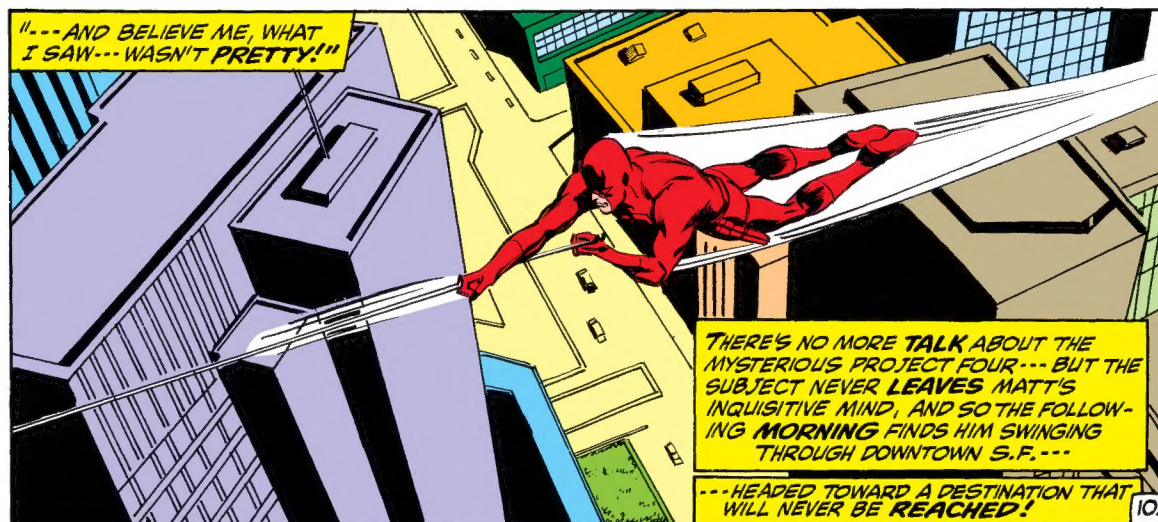
I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, MATT.

I'M--- AFRAID. AND I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT.





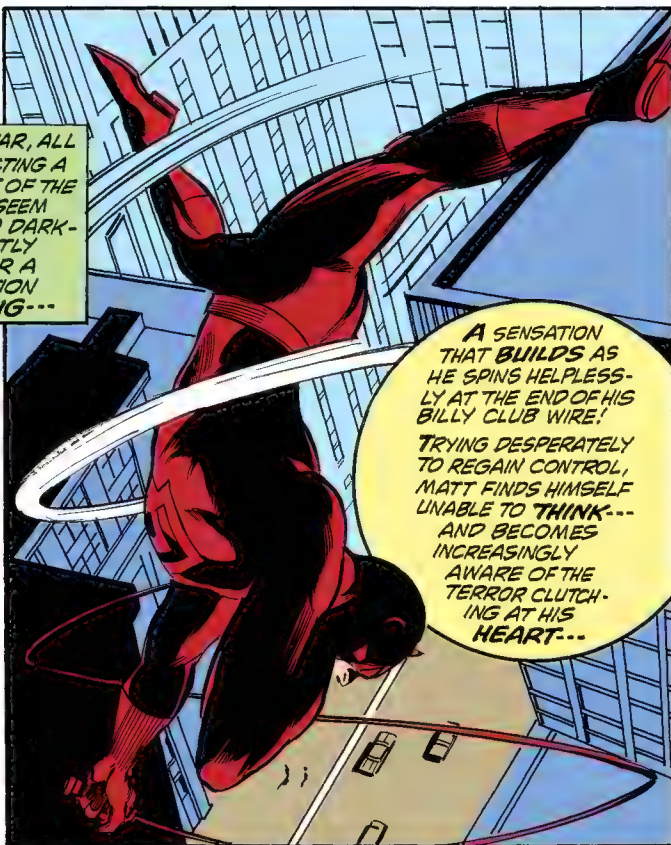
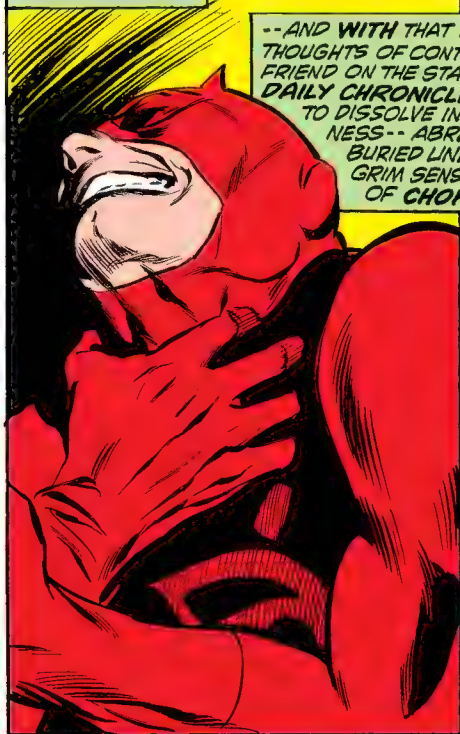






THIS IS HOW IT **BEGINS**: AS SUDDENLY AS A RIFLE SHOT, A SURGE OF INEXPLICABLE **FEAR** COURSES THROUGH MATT'S ARCED BODY---

--AND WITH THAT FEAR, ALL THOUGHTS OF CONTACTING A FRIEND ON THE STAFF OF THE **DAILY CHRONICLE** SEEM TO DISSOLVE INTO DARKNESS-- ABRUPTLY BURIED UNDER A GRIM SENSATION OF **CHOKING**---



A SENSATION THAT **BUILDS** AS HE SPINS HELPLESSLY AT THE END OF HIS BILLY CLUB WIRE!

TRYING DESPERATELY TO REGAIN CONTROL, MATT FINDS HIMSELF UNABLE TO **THINK**--- AND BECOMES INCREASINGLY AWARE OF THE TERROR CLUTCHING AT HIS **HEART**---

--- A FRIGHT UNLIKE **ANY** HE'S EVER FELT BEFORE--- A FEAR WITHOUT CAUSE--- A HORROR WITHOUT REASON!

HIS ARMS SNAP **TAUT**--- HE LETS HIS MOMENTUM CARRY HIM DOWNWARD, TOWARD THE NEAREST **BUILDING**--



---AND THERE, **SENSING** THAT HIS GRIP IS WEAKENING, HE PITCHES **FORWARD**---



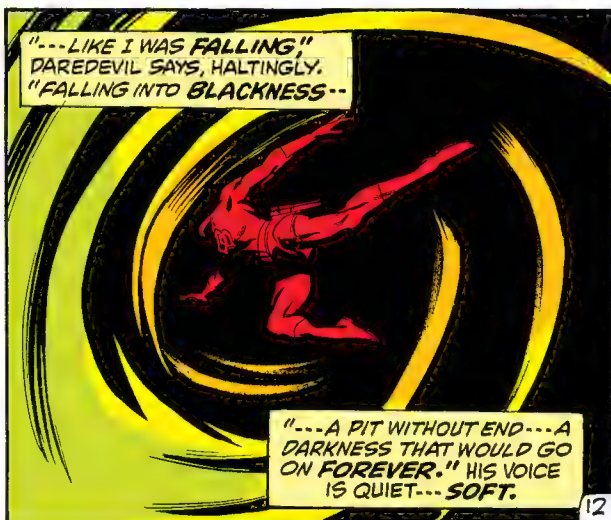
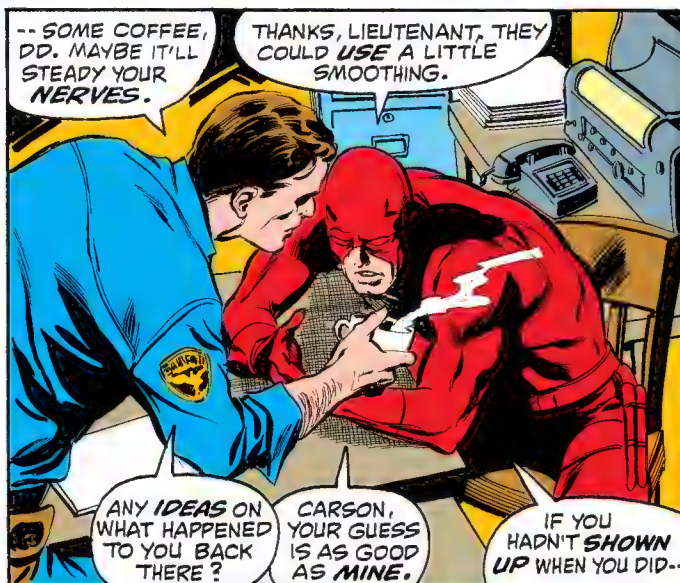
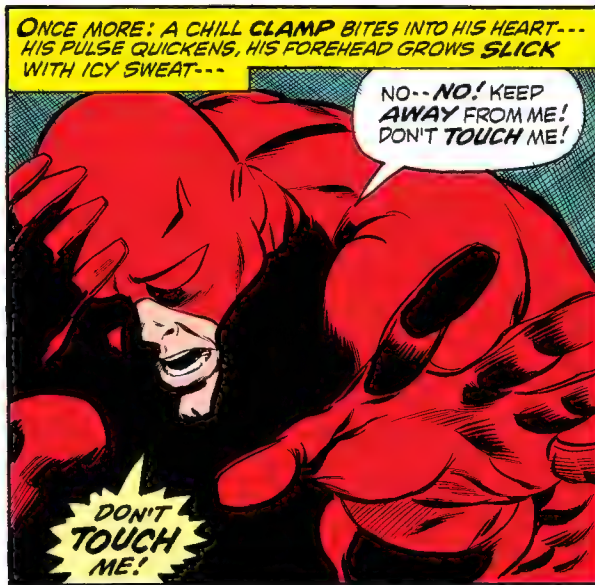
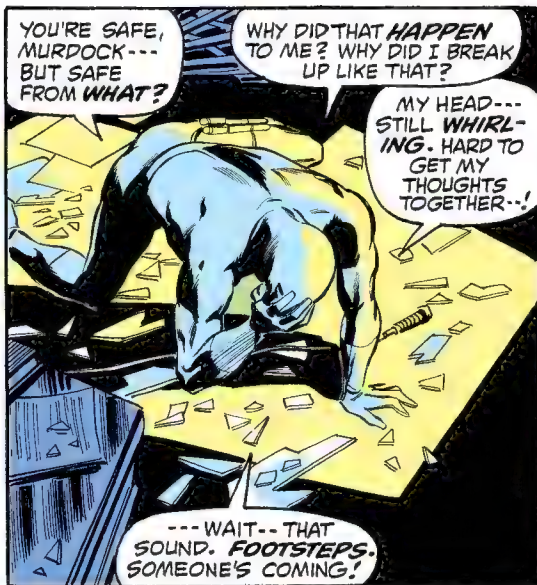
A WINDOW LOOMS BEFORE HIM, AND IN THE NEXT MOMENT---

---A WINDOW **SHATTERS**!

IT ALL HAPPENS QUICKLY. A **HEARTBEAT**--- TWO--- AND IT'S DONE.











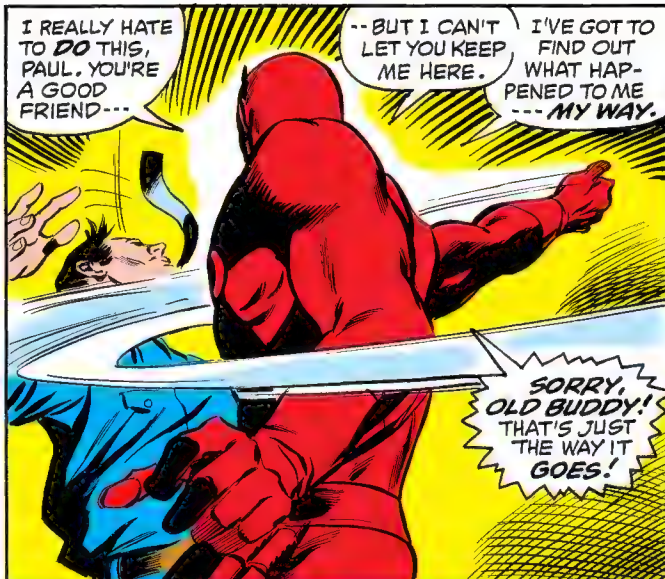
HE SHIVERS FROM THE MEMORY, AND THEN RISES WITH A SIGH-- AND STOPS AS CARSON MOVES TO HALT HIM---

WHOA, OLD BUDDY. YOU'RE FORGETTING SOMETHING---

-- YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.

PAUL WHAT--?

THE SMALL MATTER OF A BROKEN WINDOW, REMEMBER?

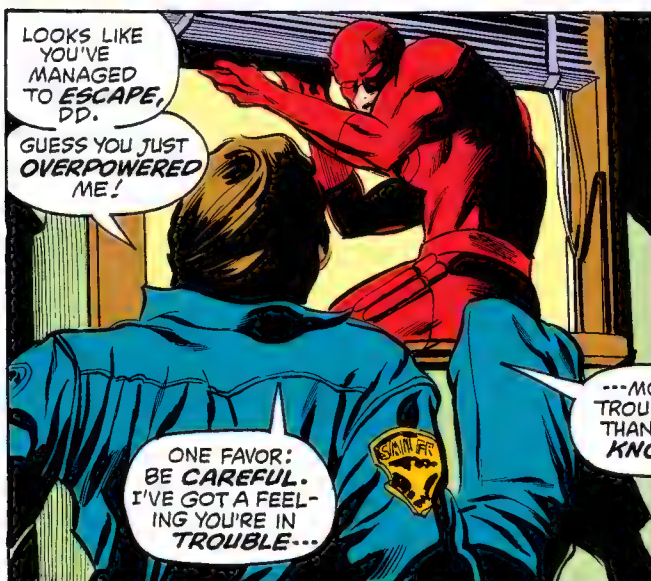


I REALLY HATE TO DO THIS, PAUL. YOU'RE A GOOD FRIEND---

-- BUT I CAN'T LET YOU KEEP ME HERE.

I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO ME --- MY WAY.

SORRY, OLD BUDDY! THAT'S JUST THE WAY IT GOES!



LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE MANAGED TO ESCAPE, DD.

GUESS YOU JUST OVERPOWERED ME!

ONE FAVOR: BE CAREFUL. I'VE GOT A FEELING YOU'RE IN TROUBLE---

---MORE TROUBLE THAN YOU KNOW.



THANKS FOR THE COFFEE AND ADVICE, LIEUTENANT.

I'LL TRY TO KEEP MY NOSE CLEAN.

NOT TOO HARD -- BUT I'LL TRY.

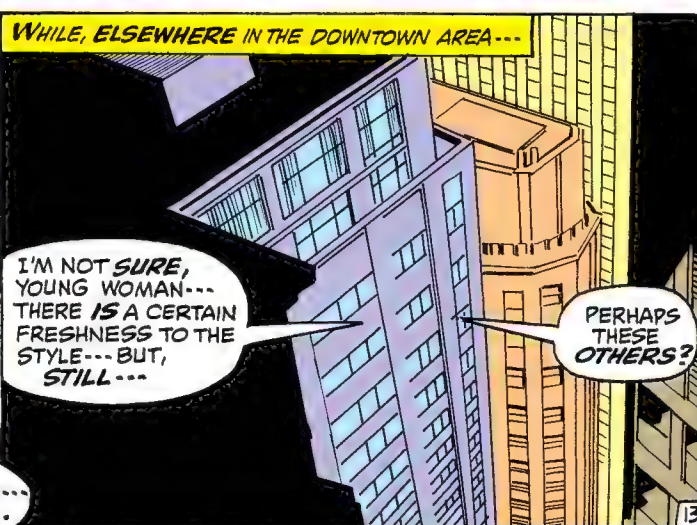


IN A WAY, IT'S ALMOST WORTH A SWOLLEN JAW TO SEE DD BACK ON HIS FEET---

YOU'VE GOTTA ADMIRE A MAN LIKE THAT--- A GUY WHO DOES WHAT HE HAS TO, NO MATTER WHAT!

CARSON, WHAT HAPPENED IN HERE?

NOTHING, COMMISSIONER--- NOTHING AT ALL.

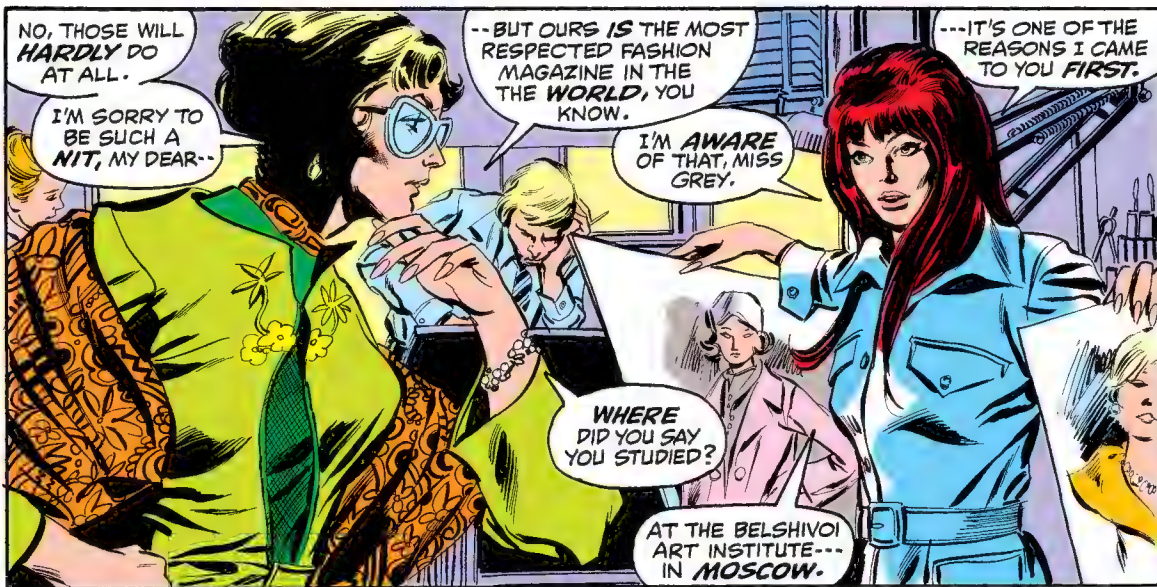


WHILE, ELSEWHERE IN THE DOWNTOWN AREA---

I'M NOT SURE, YOUNG WOMAN--- THERE IS A CERTAIN FRESHNESS TO THE STYLE--- BUT, STILL---

PERHAPS THESE OTHERS?





NO, THOSE WILL **HARDLY** DO AT ALL.

I'M SORRY TO BE SUCH A **NIT**, MY DEAR--

--BUT OURS **IS** THE MOST RESPECTED FASHION MAGAZINE IN THE **WORLD**, YOU KNOW.

I'M **AWARE** OF THAT, MISS GREY.

---IT'S ONE OF THE REASONS I CAME TO YOU **FIRST**.

WHERE DID YOU SAY YOU STUDIED?

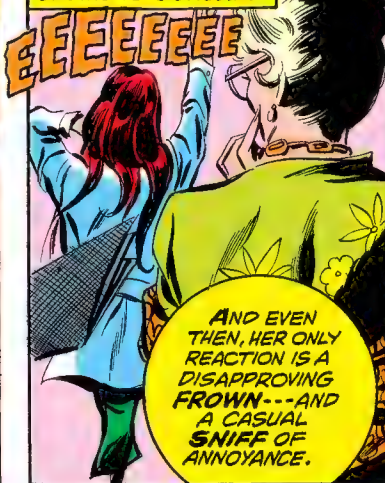
AT THE BELSHIVOI ART INSTITUTE--- IN **MOSCOW**.

PURSING HER LIPS, THE ANGULAR MISS GREY RESUMES HER STUDY OF NATASHA'S ARTWORK--- AND SO SHE DOESN'T SEE NATASHA'S EYES GO WIDE---



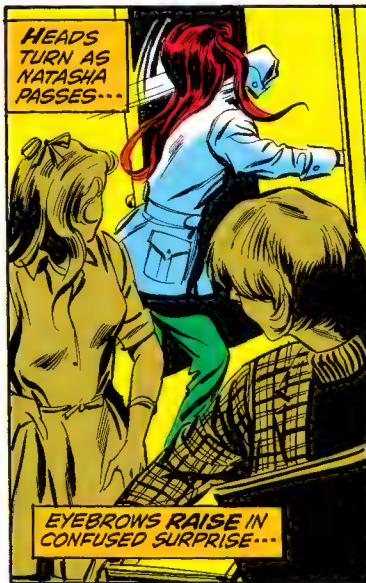
--OR HEAR THE BLACK WIDOW TAKE A SUDDEN, FRIGHTENED BREATH--!

NO, SHE ONLY BECOMES AWARE OF NATASHA'S DISTRESS--- WHEN THE WIDOW BEGINS TO SCREAM!



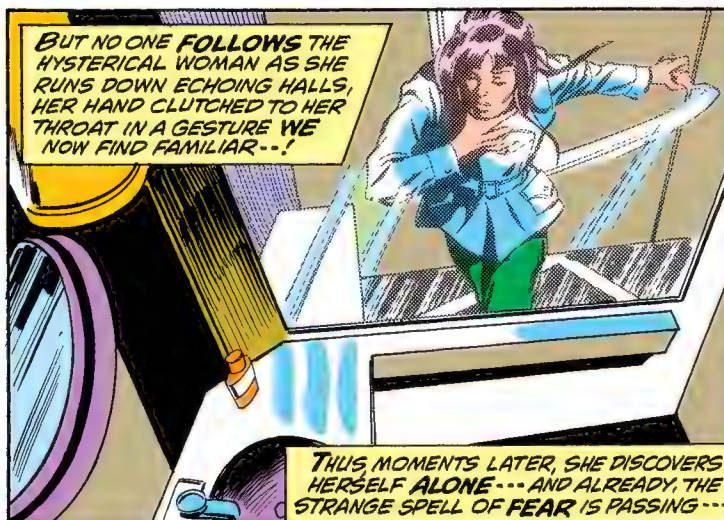
AND EVEN THEN, HER ONLY REACTION IS A DISAPPROVING FROWN---AND A CASUAL SNIFF OF ANNOYANCE.

HEADS TURN AS NATASHA PASSES---



EYEBROWS RAISE IN CONFUSED SURPRISE---

BUT NO ONE FOLLOWS THE HYSTERICAL WOMAN AS SHE RUNS DOWN ECHOING HALLS, HER HAND CLUTCHED TO HER THROAT IN A GESTURE WE NOW FIND FAMILIAR--!



THIS MOMENTS LATER, SHE DISCOVERS HERSELF ALONE--- AND ALREADY, THE STRANGE SPELL OF FEAR IS PASSING---

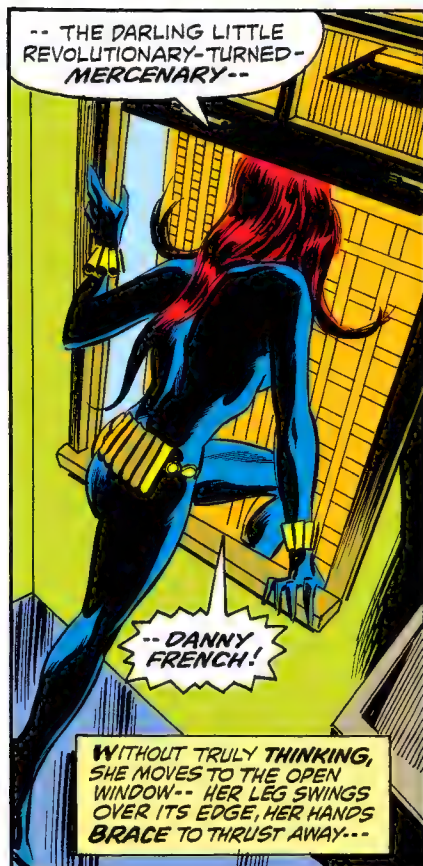
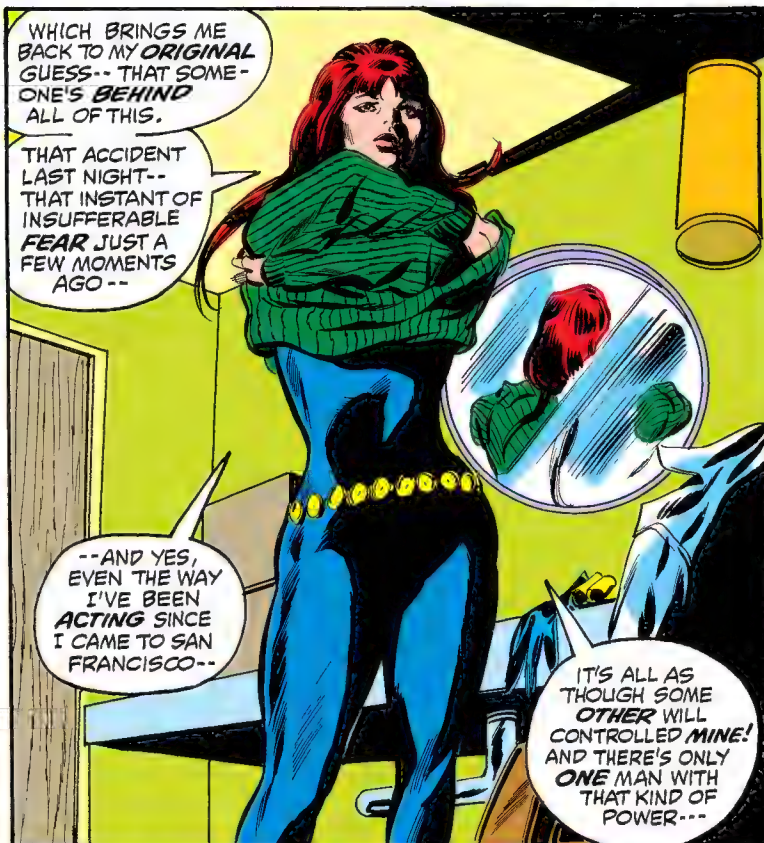
---NEEDING ONLY A HANDFUL OF COLD WATER TO BRING IT TO A CLOSE.

SOMEONE --- SOMEONE DID THIS TO ME---

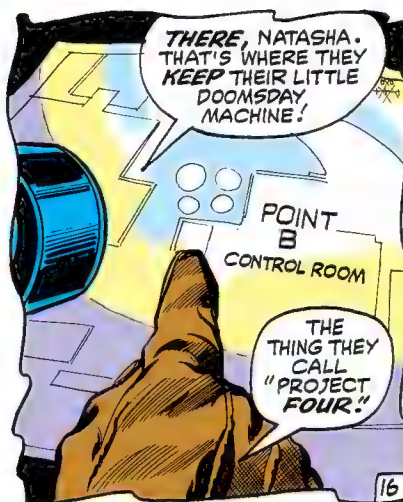
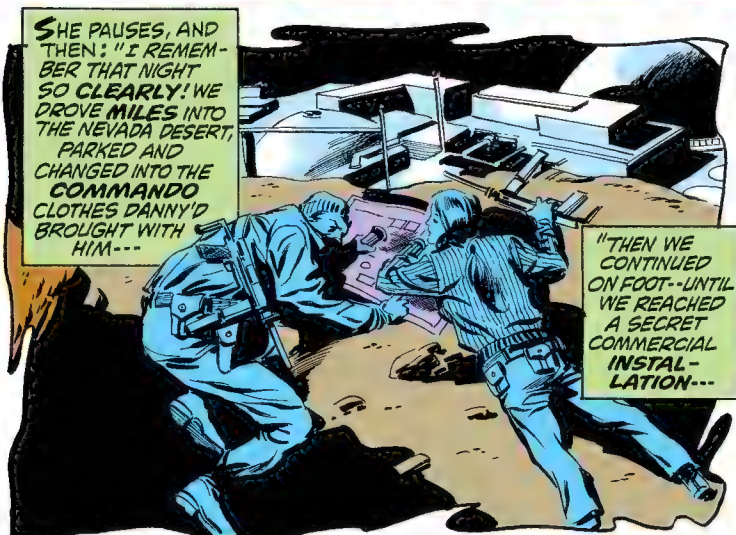
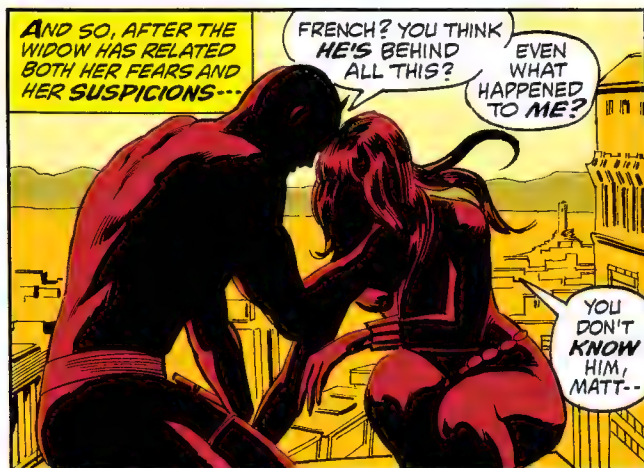
IT'S EITHER THAT--- OR I'M GOING INSANE!











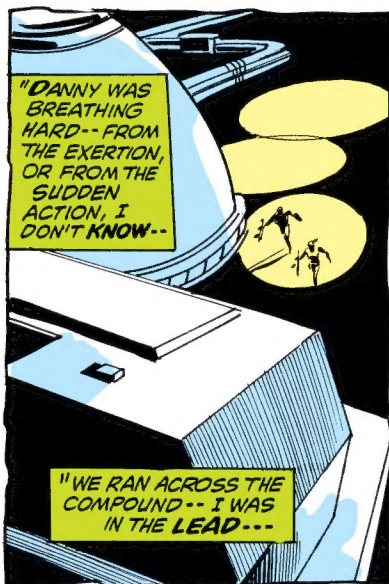












"DANNY WAS BREATHING HARD-- FROM THE EXERTION, OR FROM THE SUDDEN ACTION, I DON'T KNOW--

"WE RAN ACROSS THE COMPOUND-- I WAS IN THE LEAD--



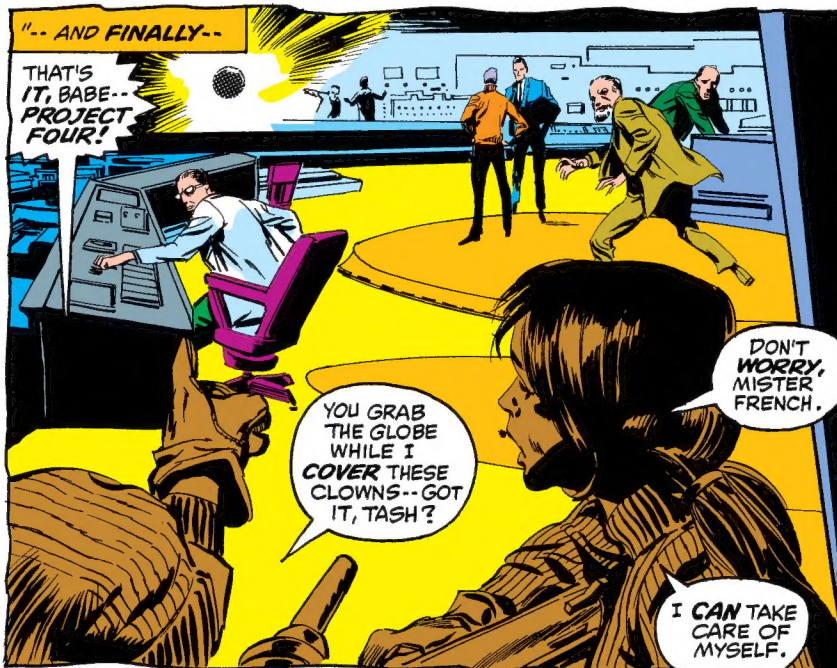
"-- BUT IT WAS **DANNY** WHO TOOK OUT THE NEXT GUARD--

"I THINK NOW THAT HE WAS TRYING TO PROVE SOMETHING TO ME, THEN--



"-- BUT WHAT IT WAS, I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND.

"WE TOOK THE ELEVATOR DOWN-- AND DOWN-- INTO SOLID BED-ROCK, I THINK--



"-- AND FINALLY--

THAT'S IT, BABE-- PROJECT FOUR!

YOU GRAB THE GLOBE WHILE I COVER THESE CLOWNS-- GOT IT, TASH?

DON'T WORRY, MISTER FRENCH.

I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF.

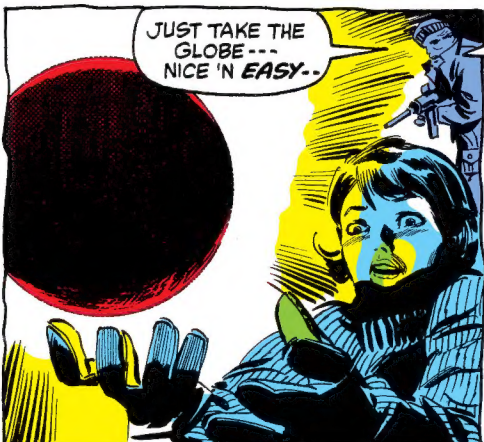


"BUT AS I MOVED TOWARD THE STRANGELY GLOWING SPHERE--

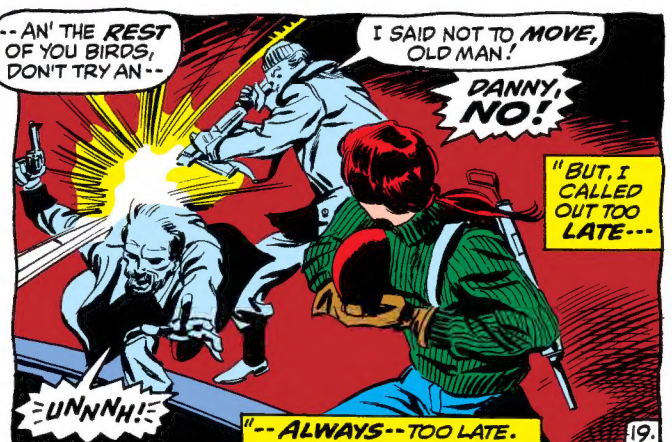
NO-- YOUNG WOMAN, I BEG YOU-- DON'T TOUCH IT--

WE'RE DIRECTLY OVER A MAJOR FAULT AREA--!

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, TASHA--



JUST TAKE THE GLOBE--- NICE 'N EASY--



-- AN' THE REST OF YOU BIRDS, DON'T TRY AN--

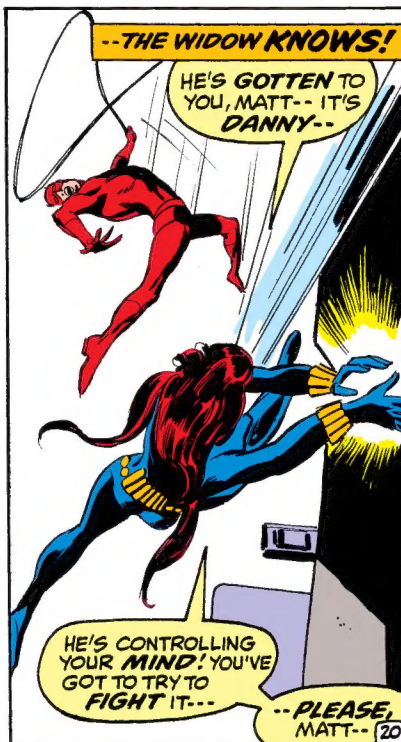
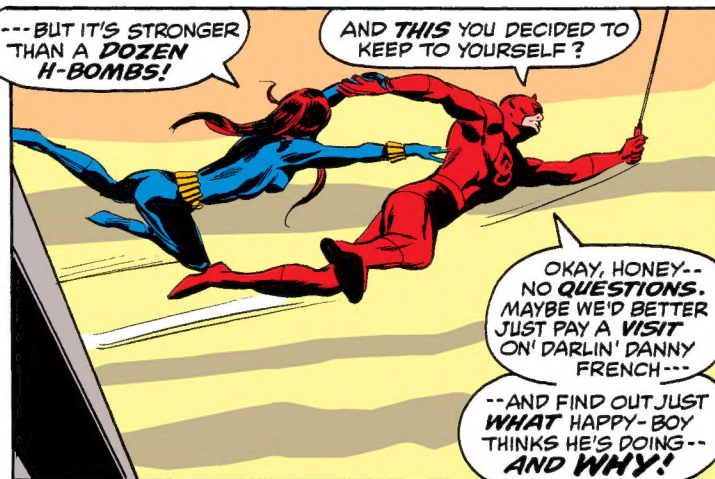
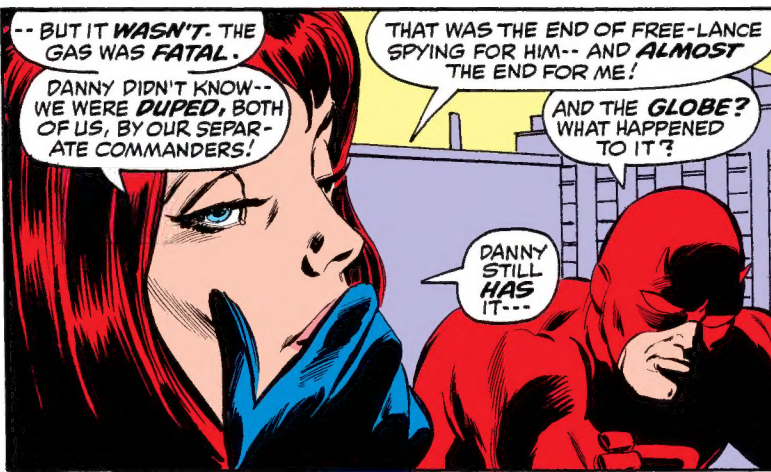
I SAID NOT TO MOVE, OLD MAN!

**DANNY, NO!**

"BUT, I CALLED OUT TOO LATE--

"-- ALWAYS-- TOO LATE.









**PLEASE!**

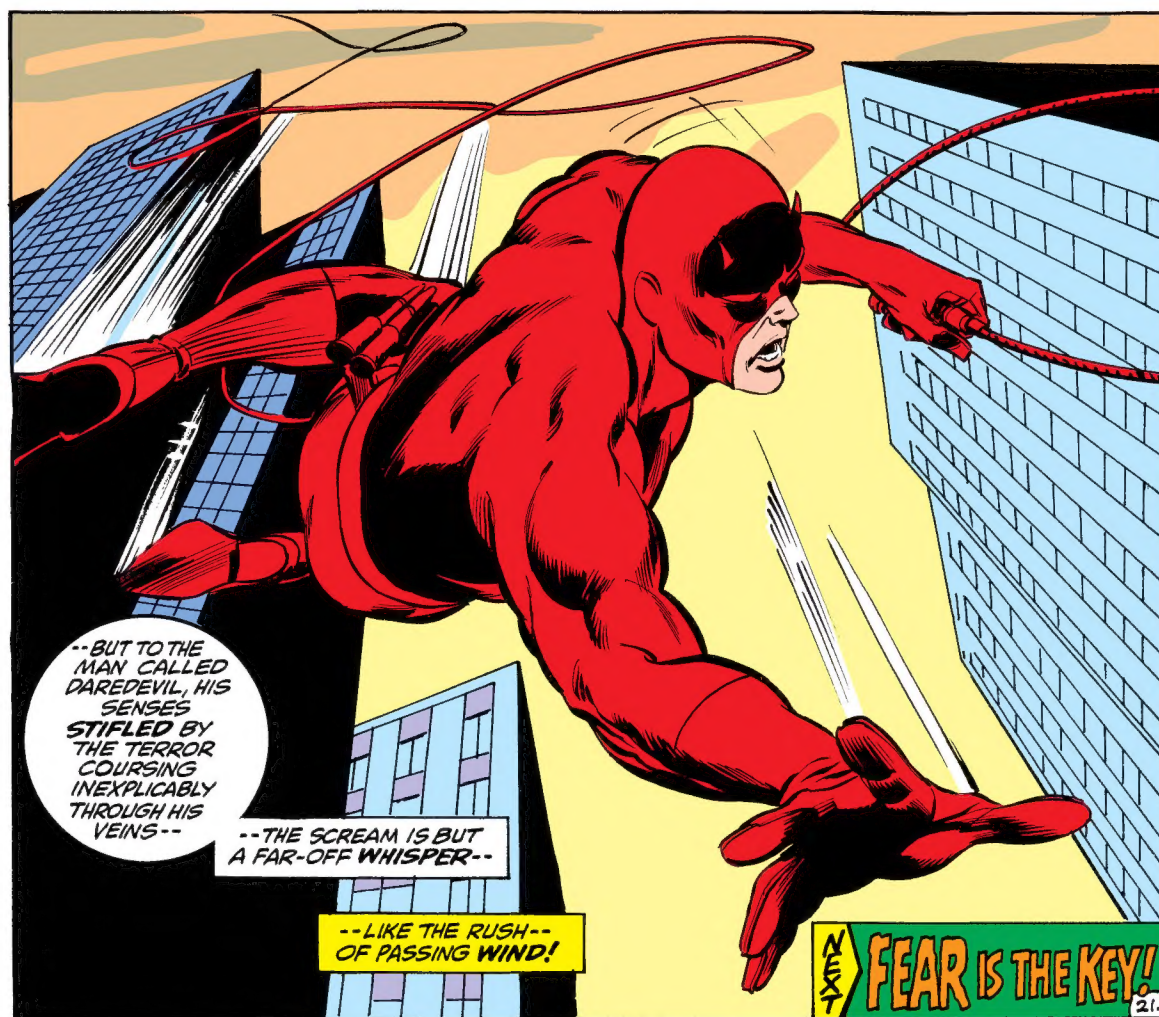
IT'S NO USE-- HE  
CAN'T EVEN HEAR  
ME---

--AND NOW  
I CAN'T--  
CAN'T MOVE--!  
EVERYTHING'S  
SO FAR AWAY--  
SO DISTANT!



**MAAAAT!**

**HER SCREAM ECHOES IN THE  
GREY CANYON WALLS--**



--BUT TO THE  
MAN CALLED  
DAREDEVIL, HIS  
SENSES  
STIFLED BY  
THE TERROR  
COURSING  
INEXPLICABLY  
THROUGH HIS  
VEINS--

--THE SCREAM IS BUT  
A FAR-OFF WHISPER--

--LIKE THE RUSH--  
OF PASSING WIND!

**NEXT FEAR IS THE KEY!**